

# THE LIGUORIAN



## IN THIS ISSUE

FATHER TIM CASEY	- - - - -	530
C. D. McEnniry, C.S. <del>X</del> R.		
THE STUDENT ABROAD	- - - - -	535
J. W. Brennan, C.S. <del>X</del> R.		
THE SIXTH STREET JUNGLE	- - - - -	543
R. J. Miller, C.S. <del>X</del> R.		
SELL WHAT THOU HAST (The End)	- - - - -	556
T. Z. Austin. <i>CSSR</i>		

DECEMBER — 1925

Per Year, \$2.00; Canada and Foreign, \$2.25; Single Copies, 20c  
REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Cont.)

To My Lonely Only Lover.....	529
J. R. Melvin, C.S.:R.	
The Maid of Orleans.....	549
Aug. T. Zeller, C.S.:R.	
The Litany of Loretto.....	555
St. Alphonsus Liguori.	
Catholic Anecdotes .....	563
Pointed Paragraphs .....	565
Our Lady's Page.....	570
Catholic Events .....	572
Book Reviews .....	575
Lucid Intervals .....	576

---

---

## Now Ready For You

The 1926

### LIGUORIAN ART CALENDAR

Printed in Four Color Lithography. With thirteen large Pictures. A real Work of Art. Size 17 in. x 9 in.

The Ideal Christmas Gift—Always welcome—Lasts all year.

**40c each. Three for \$1.00.**

A pretty Presentation Card given Free with each calendar.

---

---

**Subscription per year, \$2.00. Canada and Foreign, \$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.**

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing as special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1913.

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

---

Vol. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1925

No. 12

---

## To My Lonely Only Lover

O my Lonely Only Lover,  
    With a thousand things to do,  
On the daily path I cover,  
    I have little time with You.

But from dawning of my toiling,  
    Till the broken rest of night,  
In the frenzy of my moiling,  
    You are always in my sight.

Though my words be brief and troubled,  
    Even with You in my heart,  
By Your Coming, zeal redoubled  
    Does not ask "the better part."

When the burden hard and galling  
    Makes Your yoke seem far from sweet,  
In Your Sacred Presence falling,  
    Kneel I humbly at Your Feet.

Then Your Tender Heart all glowing  
    Breathes Its ardor into mine,  
Till I labor gladly knowing  
    Love will make my work Divine.

Close to You I fain would hover,  
    All this toil seems empty loss.  
O my Lonely Only Lover,  
    Grant me love to bear Your Cross.

*J. R. Melvin, C. Ss. R.*

## Father Tim Casey

### STYLES

C. D. McENNIRY C.Ss.R.

The girls were ready to start for a party. All wore shawls; though why they wore them was not so clear;—if for cover or protection, they would scarcely have deliberately arranged them so that they could neither cover nor protect. But when Father Timothy Casey unexpectedly turned in at the gate with a commission for their father, the President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the girls shook out their creamy wraps and made them do the double duty for which shawls, from time immemorial, have been designed. This reminded Retta of something she had read in the Catholic Weekly; and with Retta, to be reminded of something meant to say it or burst.

"Oh, Father Casey, I saw an account of a priest in Philadelphia who refuses Holy Communion to women who come to the Altar with no sleeves or with low-necked dresses or roll-down—or—or—things like that."

"I know a priest in Rome who gave the same order in regard to his church," said Father Casey.

"Yes?"

"That priest is our Holy Father, the Pope."

"But isn't it foolish to be making such a fuss about a little thing like that?"

"To call an order of the Holy Father foolish, Retta, does not show much respect nor, I might add, much humility either."

"Oh, I didn't mean to talk against the Pope. I guess things are different over there maybe, anyhow—but here in America where everybody does it and it looks all right."

"Retta, Retta," cried the priest, "give me a chance to keep up with you. You made three statements in that sentence, every one of them wrong. First, human nature is the same in Rome as it is here; secondly, not even here in America does everybody go out half dressed, nor, thirdly, do those who do so look all right."

"Well, I'm sure we don't mean any harm by it," protested Retta. Then saucily: "There isn't any commandment that says, 'Thou shalt not wear short sleeves to Communion,' anyhow."



She felt a bit ashamed of her boldness when Father Casey abruptly changed the subject.

"What do you call that man that was walking up and down Fourth Avenue with two boards hanging on him?" he asked.

"That's a sandwich man," said Lucy.

"On the board in front it said: 'Eat at Dinty's Filling Station.' On the one behind: 'Special Today. Corn Beef and Cabbage. Dinty's.' I went there for lunch just to see what it was like. Which shows that it pays to advertise," said Adelaide.

"I suppose," soliloquized the priest, "he does that for a living. And it is innocent enough. Still I do not think it would be right for him to go to Communion that way."

"For heaven's sake, Father! Go to Communion with those advertising signs plastered all over him! That would be a sacrilege."

"Then why do you maintain that it is lawful for these foolish girls to do it?"

"To do what, Father?"

"To go to Communion with advertising signs plastered all over them."

"Whoever heard of such a thing?"

"Whoever heard of such a thing? Everybody that has heard of girls going to Communion in the bold and brazen attire which even some of our good Catholics are adopting."

"But, Father, there is no advertising on it."

"What else is it?" demanded the priest. "It is not to make them look beautiful, for it surely does not do that. It is not to protect them against the weather, for it surely does not do that. What else then is it but advertising—advertising covering them from head to foot and saying as plainly as any bill board: 'I'm dying to have men look at me.' The advertisement reads differently according to the different degree in which they adopt this immodest apparel. There is the first degree which says: 'Men, look at me. See I have given up Christian modesty in order to induce you to look at me.' Then there is the second degree which says: 'Men, please, please, look at me. My one desire in life is to have you look at me.' Lastly, there is the third degree which goes to the extreme limit of even these extreme styles and says: 'Men, especially men with dirty minds, I want you particularly to look at me.' How on earth can a girl go up to the Altar to receive the holiest of all

sacraments—to receive Our Blessed Lord into her heart, and at the same time be advertising herself to every man in the church? The incompatibility of the two actions is so great that it is hard to see how her conduct is anything short of sacrilegious. The priest, who refuses Communion to such a girl, does so because he wants to save her from the guilt of sacrilege and because he is the custodian of the Blessed Sacrament and, as such, bound to guard it against profanation. I, myself, have never sent them away from the Altar, though I often feared I was doing wrong by giving them Communion when they came thus boldly advertising themselves.”

“Why, Father,” protested Adelaide, “I am certain girls do not dress in this style for the reason you say.”

“Perhaps they don’t *think* they do,” he admitted. Then: “Adelaide, do you know why they don’t think they do?”

“Why?”

“Because they are so giddy and lightminded that they never examine their conscience to discover the real motive of their actions.” A moment later he added: “It is such a cheap way too. I marvel that any worth while girl should stoop to it.”

“Cheap? What do you mean, Father? Cheap way of what?”

“Of attracting. You know there are different ways in which a girl can attract. One is by a charming personality. But that requires long training in self-culture, good manners, regard for others, bright, entertaining conversation, tactful conduct, kindly courtesies. That is one way in which a girl can attract, but it costs her something. Another way is by leaving off some of the clothes a Christian maiden ought to wear. This requires only an instant of time and infinite boldness; that is why I call it cheap. Like all cheap stuff, it’s shoddy; it won’t wear. On the other hand, the attraction of a charming personality stands the test of time. If you take the trouble to reflect on this point, you will find in it the answer to many of today’s problems, like happy and unhappy homes and so forth.”

Retta was restive. Long sermons palled on her.

“What of the girl,” she queried, “who attracts both ways—by a charming personality and by, what you call, bold apparel?”

When she propounded the question—who knows—perhaps she was thinking of her own delightful self as a palpable example. If so, she must have got a shock when Father Casey answered bluntly:

"Retta, there aint no such animal."

Retta bristled.

"I beg your pardon, Father. I know dozens of girls who possess a charming personality, just as you describe it, and who, at the same time, go to the limit in the matter of dress."

"No, you don't, Retta,—no more than you know circles that are square and straight lines that are crooked. Charming personality, as I described it, embodies good manners, culture, tact, regard for others. Now good manners cannot exist with boldness, culture with coarseness, tact with clumsiness, regard for others with brutal outraging of their finer feelings. These cannot exist together any more than a circle can be square or a straight line crooked. Study the conduct of any girl that goes to the limit in the matter of these indelicate styles, and you will readily see how far it differs from that of a cultured woman, a lady."

"Father, we all deplore the unbecoming conduct of the modern flapper," said Lucy. "But aren't you unfair to lay the blame to their harmless vanity in dress? A girl can hardly walk the street today without being accosted and insulted and tempted at every turn by men of all conditions. It is almost a miracle that a good, innocent girl, with, of course, the usual alloy of vanity, giddiness, and inexperience, passes unscathed through such incessant dangers."

"Luck," returned the priest, "a bad man is afraid of a good woman—positively afraid of her. He will seldom attempt a flirtation unless invited."

"I know a number of girls who were annoyed by strange men, whose attentions they had never invited."

"You know a number of girls who were annoyed by strange men," he admitted, "but are you so sure they never invited the attentions of these men? I suppose they dress according to the latest styles?"

"Naturally."

"Perhaps, instead of following after these styles at a conservative distance, they take the lead and even go to the extreme limit?"

"No doubt they do—at least some of them," the girl replied.

"And you say they do not invite the attentions of evil minded men. That is where you make a mistake. When they go down the street and a clean minded man sees them, he must turn away his eyes. A clean minded man keeps clean by avoiding danger. One of the dangers he

must avoid is the sight of an immodestly attired woman. He must turn away his eyes. The only man that continues to look at her is a dirty minded man. Oh, his exterior may be spotless enough, but his heart is corrupt. He is the only one that continues to gaze at her. If the girl, who parades in public in such a makeup that none but evil minded men may look at her, is not inviting their attentions, I know not how she could invite them."

"Father, you don't understand. These matters are determined by custom. If a girl of twenty years ago had dressed as a modern flapper, she would have been guilty of all the imprudence you mention. But now it is the style, and nobody minds it. The woman who would walk down Fourth Avenue today dressed as my grandmother used to dress when she was a girl, would attract more attention than the most brazen flapper."

"Lucy, you know in your heart you are not advancing an honest argument. You know none of us is asking you to dress in the style of fifty years ago. You know that even the most modern style never prescribes your apparel with the exactness of a soldier's uniform; it always allows ample latitude. You see good girls—thank God, you see many of them—who dress with neatness and taste and in the style, and yet with as much Christian modesty as ever your grandmother did fifty years ago. In all these changing styles that sweep over the land from season to season and from year to year there is always plenty of room for the self-respecting woman who scorns to go about advertising her desire for notice as blatantly as the sandwich man advertises Dinty's Filling Station. She never has to don apparel that cries out to high heaven: 'I'm dying to have a man look at me!'"

---

"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

---

Abraham Lincoln, a poor country boy, by his own simplicity, perseverance and power rose to the highest office within his country.

---

Every time the average man makes a good guess he has a lot to say about his superior judgment.

## The Student Abroad

### NAPOLI

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Contrary to expectations, summer, with its burning heat pouring relentlessly from skies rarely blighted by vestiges of clouds, brought no perceptible decrease in the Holy year activities. From across the seas, pilgrims continued to arrive, sometimes in large contingents, but oftener, I think, in small parties. From Europe the northern countries sent their delegations, English, Irish, Scotch, French, Dutch, and German; the hot months in Rome made little difference. Among the larger pilgrimages, that of the Boy Scouts from all parts of the world, stood out prominently not only for its unique personnel,—boys ranging from about twelve to about sixteen years of age; not only for the new color it brought to already colorful Rome but for its significance. Few, I dare say, had realized how powerfully this movement in behalf of boys had become, and how Catholic, till they saw these thousands of boys in their natty uniforms, stride in serried ranks across the piazza of St. Peter's.

However, the student who must spend his winter months in difficult labors in Rome, is bidden to seek his recreation outside the classic walls. And to the average student as well as to the average traveller, a visit to Naples is a privilege, a treat, an education. And to anyone, priest or layman, who has read any of the works or heard of the life of St. Alphonsus Liguori, such a visit bears an added attraction, for it was in the vicinity of Naples, that he lived his holy life, wrote his monumental books, performed his marvelous missionary labors, and died having won his crown of sanctity and left behind as his legacy an influence that exists in the hearts of many, many of the people of today.

History and art and song have combined to weave such a web of gossamer fancy about the city of Naples and its environs that the very mention of the name conjures up visions of all that is fantastic and beautiful, gayly romantic, yet joyously serene. And to prevent monotony even in the beauty, there is the thrill of momentous suspense; there is Vesuvius. And Vesuvius never sleeps, just slumbers. Twice in ages past it awoke long enough to blot out of existence two prosperous, well-ordered cities; today while a thin wisp of smoke and steam rises from

the jagged cone, like a grim banner flung against the deep blue sky, the roofless houses and shops, acres of them, gape yawning to the skies, and the streets are silent with the silence of the tomb. Vesuvius merely slumbers.

Common report,—as transmitted by guide-books and travelogues,—has it that one of the greatest charms of Naples is its street-life. The Neapolitan is a distinct type in Italy; his features are different, the black, sunny eyes, the tumbled black hair, the olive-tinted skin are nowhere quite so distinctive as in Naples. And the language of the region follows in order: the Neapolitan dialect is sufficiently different from the language of the rest of Italy—that sometimes other Italians call them Spaniards. And it is admitted by Neapolitans, that they have a number of phrases strikingly similar to the Spanish. Now this quality of distinctiveness shows itself most prominently in the streets,—for the average Neapolitan, the street is front lawn, lunch-room, theatre, clubroom and promenade. There the sun is warm and jovial and the shadows cool and refreshing; at night, there, the light is free and brilliant enough to read the daily paper. It is at night,—better still in the early evening,—that the spontaneous gaiety of the people is supposed to be most in evidence.

Arriving in the evening, just as the short twilight had settled into deep night, we had the good fortune to get a carozzo with a driver who must have had a glass of wine too much. It was only after we had gone some distance that we saw our boy's wits were more than a trifle muddled. And to muddle him still more, he had visions of the police-officer who had explained to him precisely where we wanted to go. Eventually, with the aid of a kind layman, and later with the actual guidance of an equally kind priest, we reached our destination: but in the meantime, our meandering charioteer treated us to views of Neapolitan life that are vouchsafed to very few tourists. From the principal, brightly illuminated and very active boulevards we had wandered into the narrow side-streets, the driver cracking his whip at intervals with the sharpness of a pistol shot, the crazy gig lurching from side to side over the rough cobblestones. From time to time, groups of people, elderly and children, would scurry out of the way of the horse and flatten themselves against the buildings to escape the wheels of the carozzo. From side-streets and courts, from balconies and open windows overhead, animated conversations, snatches of songs, fragmentary

passages of opera came to our ears. One could close his eyes and almost imagine the curtain was about to rise on the first act of *Cavaleria Rusticana*.

Turning one corner suddenly, the heavenly tunes of a really good violin played by a really good musician reached us. The music became louder and clearer as we advanced, and in a few minutes we were passing directly in front of the young Paganini and his little but very appreciative audience. The melody rang in my ears the rest of the evening; it was the haunting aria from the death scene in Puccini's *Madam Butterfly*. And the only accompaniment, the cries and laughter of children, the rattle of wheels on the pavement; the crack of the driver's whip: the only setting, narrow streets with deep mysterious shadows—and spots—bright with the very good street-lamps; lofty walled buildings seeming to nod to each other up above,—and straight overhead the sky of deepest, darkest blue filled to overflowing with stars.

In America, I had often heard of "Venetian Nights," celebrations with decorated boats and string music, light laughter and melody, and the name of Venice—the island city of northern Italy, added to suggest the proper atmosphere. But when I stepped from my room in the Redemptorist Monastery in Naples out on the Loggia and faced the fairy-land panorama of twinkling lights and deep black shadows piled high on either side till the topmost light near the castle St. Elmo seemed to be a cousin of the lowest bright star gleaming merrily just above it, it occurred to me that to say the least, the title "Neapolitan Nights" would be just as significant. Straight before us, just over the acres of roofs and turrets and cupolas that stretch between the monastery and the bay, smaller lights and dimmer mark the ships riding at anchor. At intervals the powerful beam of the harbor-light sweeps its shaft over sleeping waters and the vessels at rest. To the left, we know Vesuvius is slumbering, not sleeping: but in the deep darkness it is invisible. Its location however is marked by a ray of light extending in a straight line along the funicular railway that extends a good distance up the slope.

Far down in the streets, someone is singing a strain from the latest canzonette—its quality may be gauged from the fact that "O Sole Mio" first gained prominence as a popular street-song in Naples. Somewhere too, a wandering string trio, two violins and a guitar are serenading



the neighbors in the hope of coaxing a few lire into their soft felt hats. Suddenly come sounds of strife. Loud, angry voices, crisp words, tones constantly rising in pitch. The American visions stilettos flying—for so the books and reports would have it. A Neapolitan explains it in one word, a word I have heard several times but can never recall readily. It is the name of a favorite gambling game, in which two or three men, sometimes more, face each other and snap their hands out swiftly and at the same time extend one finger or two or three as they choose. The racket results from the opponents' attempting to shout the correct number as fast as it appears. It sounds like the artillery preparation for the Argonne, but its sole danger lies in its gambling nature, which, I understand, is serious evil enough. The hour is late, but the evening meal is also late in southern Italy, about eight or eight-thirty in the evening, so it is not surprising to hear children calling to each other in play, far down the street. And no matter what disputes may arise regarding features of interest in Naples, all unanimously agree that the youthful Neapolitans have healthy lungs.

Since the coming of United Italy, many people—not excepting travellers—lose sight of the fact that Naples was once a powerful kingdom. Its history is rooted deep in the mediaeval times and its palaces and museums, and its churches too, contain hosts of memories of the glory that is past. To a Catholic visitor, however, especially if he come in the month of September, the chief point of interest is the Duomo or Cathedral, and the chief event is the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. We had timed our visit to include the feast of the saint and had the happiness of viewing the miracle at close hand.

Early in the morning of September 19, the streets were alive with people, native Neapolitans, visitors, pilgrims, all acting on the same idea: to get to the Cathedral early and so get a good place. We had special invitations and so had to enter by a side-gate. Owing to a mistake regarding the invitations, a few of us had to wait about an hour before being admitted. But a more interesting hour of waiting, I have rarely spent.

The little layman, clad in a special uniform of dark blue with red facings, who had charge of that gate must have learned Petain's famous slogan of Verdun by heart, "They shall not pass!" A prelate came up with his insignia of office, prepared to lead a convoy of his friends



within the prized area; the porter would admit the prelate, but not the rest; and that was emphatically THAT. Among others, a well-dressed man approached and presented a card, bearing the name and title of a General: there was nothing doing. Later, one of the soldiers on guard to preserve order, carried a note from the officer to the authorities within and in a trice there was a response. But the porter, omnipotent back of that gate, read the answer twice before anyone was admitted. Others sidled confidentially up to the fancy iron grating and whispered secret things to the little fellow: but his hair was not gray for nothing; he knew his own,—and the Neapolitans have a "blarney" all their own. The gate remained closed.

In due time we got in and found that the ceremonies preceding the miracle had already begun. They are simple enough: the great Cathedral, jammed to its capacity with people was reechoing the prayers of the faithful. At intervals, a certain group in a section of the front, shouted rather than recited a prayer of their own. I understand that this group was composed of descendants of relatives of the Saint. Their sharp, staccato cries seemed like very brusque commands to one who heard them for the first time. A narrow aisle leading to the side-altar on which the vial containing the blood of the saint had been placed, was reserved for those who had entered by the special gate. When it was filled, the gate leading to the altar was opened and we advanced as far as the crowd would permit towards the steps of the altar. No attempt was made to hinder our advance; in fact while the aged prelate who held the vial, slowly moved it from side to side, turning it over and over the while, a knot of intensely interested spectators, prelates, clergy and lay-people of distinction had their faces not a foot away from it. And at frequent intervals when someone showed a desire to see it still closer, the kindly prelate would pause in his movement and extend it over the shoulders and between the heads clustered around him, so that those who wished could see it to their satisfaction.

Contrary to reports later given out in the papers, the miracle did not take place suddenly. On the other hand, it was much quicker this year than on other occasions in the past. However, Neapolitans present told me, it was much slower than usual this year. To understand the phenomenon you must picture to yourselves, a case or reliquary of gold about the size of a chalice, holding two glass vessels. The one containing the blood of the martyr is round, about three inches in diameter

(I am giving these details from memory, and as I saw them—from a little distance) and probably somewhat less than an inch in thickness. When the case is upright, it is seen that the glass vessel is filled about three-fourths with a dark, brownish substance. The upper section is clear, and since the reliquary case is but a shell, we can see clear through the glass. The dark substance is the dried blood of the martyr. As the prayers of those present continue, the prelate in charge slowly revolves the vessel so that the filled area is often on top. It is then that all eyes are riveted on the glass, waiting for the first motion of the blood downward.

Minutes passed, but even fatigue was forgotten. Once the prelate paused raised his hand for silence and announced that the miracle had not taken place. Later, another pause occurred when space was cleared for a visiting Cardinal to approach the altar steps. Still later, those near the prelate intoned the great prayer of penance, the *Miserere*, and all recited it thoughtfully. It was then that some noticed a change in the position of the blood. One side of the clearance in the glass was becoming darkened. Suddenly, as the vial was reversed again, a tiny stream could be seen flowing toward the top of the vial. The prelate signalled for silence and in the evening hush announced that the miracle had taken place. Then followed—rather astonishing feature to a stranger—enthusiastic applause.

All those present in the sanctuary were allowed to file by, see the liquefied blood at close range and venerate it; by that time, the expansion consequent on liquefaction had filled the vial. Leaving the sanctuary, visitors were invited to the treasury of the Cathedral, where in honor of the occasion, the precious things that have been given to the Cathedral through the centuries, were put on exhibition. Gifts of royalty for the most part, these precious objects were objects of regal splendor indeed. One mitre, given in honor of the martyr-patron of the Cathedral carried over three thousand gems; as it was moved slowly in the light, it seemed as though all the vari-hued stars of the firmament had been gathered together in that small space and were shining even in the daylight.

Possibly the most interesting feature of this miracle of St. Januarius, does not take place in the Cathedral at all. In the town of Pozzuoli—situated some miles away on a point of land jutting out into the Mediterranean, one of the two big arms enclosing the Bay of Naples,—there

is another vial containing blood of the martyr. Annually on the feast of the Saint, at the same moment that the miracle takes place in the Cathedral, a similar miracle takes place at Pozzuoli. Later, when the newspapers bearing accounts of the two events appeared, the exact time was given when the miracle had taken place. It was the same for both places.

Leaving the Cathedral, we proceeded to a little church, somewhat out of the way: St. Mary of Mercy. In this church is the statue of our Lady, at whose feet St. Alphonsus had placed his sword when he gave up the world for God. Here too, are many touching relics of the saint, garments he used when he was Bishop, manuscripts in his own handwriting and in a special, glass-covered case in a wall near the sanctuary, a silver reliquary holding a glass-vial with some of the blood of this saint—Alphonsus de Liguori. Here the miracle of liquefaction of the blood is even more interesting than at the Cathedral. The prayers recited for this divine intervention give the motive of the petition, and curiosity is expressly excluded. Meanwhile, the reliquary has been taken from its resting-place on the wall and placed on one of the side-altars; the petitioners are at most four feet away, kneeling on the altar step. At the end of the prayer, the priest-custodian of the church and its relics, takes the vial and moves it to see if there has been any change. When we were there, some of the blood was already in a partially liquid state before the vial was brought out for examination; but the motion was barely perceptible and then only after the vial had been held upside-down for some minutes. After the prayers in honor of St. Alphonsus were finished and the petition for the renewal of the wonder, not to satisfy mere curiosity but as a testimonial to the ever-present power of God, the vial was again taken from the altar and handed to us for examination, a privilege probably granted to us because we as Redemptorists are sons of St. Alphonsus. Sure enough—the dull, dark-red mass was moving in a tiny stream along the edge of the glass, leaving a stain back of it as it moved.

Later in the sacristy we were also shown an important document, written, signed and sealed by a Bishop who had witnessed the phenomenon on one of its first occurrences. Our time was, unfortunately, too short for transcription of the papers, but this much I recall: names, dates and a full account of the train of circumstances leading up to the discovery of this relic as well as a brief, but vivid, description of the phenomenon are given.

After-impressions are varied. As soon as one leaves the church and mingles again with the noisy, bustling traffic of the streets, the first feeling is that of having passed through a vivid dream. Laughing, jostling, hurrying, care-free crowds and phenomena of such an extraordinary nature as those we had witnessed, seem hard to reconcile. But later as we mingled more with the people of Naples and began to understand better their character and their ways of thinking, explanations seem more easily forthcoming. For the Neapolitan, in church and out of it, in his songs and his fun and his serious business too, he is always the same simple character, with the beautiful simplicity of a child. And childlike, his thoughts of God are never fused with a more or less irrelevant thought of the world. To him God with His goodness and His love and His omnipotence is as real as life itself. Childlike, they look to Him in their joys and in their necessities; childlike, they take His word literally and call upon Him for aid, expecting an answer; childlike, they get the answer too.

These were not the only striking things we saw in our short visit to the south, but they were the most prominent. Coupled with the large numbers of souvenirs of extraordinary favors granted, they give rise to an impression, which day by day, as the period of that visit slips farther into the past, gains strength and permanence, that in Naples and its vicinity one treads in the foot-steps of the saints; one is in the presence of the influence left by saints—a Faith that is simple unto sublimity; that can move mountains; that rises to the stars and knocks for recognition and will not be gainsaid.

---

### WEEDS IN THE MIND

---

Thalwell thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinion before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden and told him it was a botanical garden.

"How so?" he said; "it is covered with weeds."

"Oh," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."—Coleridge.

## The Sixth Street Jungle

### A YOUNG MISSIONARY

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

The young man with the four bulky books under his arm turned the corner at "Tim's Refreshment Parlors," pulled his straw hat down more firmly over his eyes, and started down Sixth Street. He had the air of a man braving danger.

Jack Stearns was familiar with stories, fabulous and otherwise of robberies, murders and disappearances "along Sixth Street" and as a rule, avoided the district. But on the present occasion it was still daylight; he feared he would be late for supper, and he would save nearly half an hour by taking the Sixth Street route. So he resolved to make an adventure of necessity and put on a bold front for the walk up the street.

The afternoon had been spent in searching the public library for information to be used in a talk at high school on the subject of "Catholic Missions and the Laity." At the end of two hours, Jack had seized four books on African missions, with a vague determination to write something on the "dark continent" instead.

Walking down Sixth Street, Jack's eye followed the line of red brick houses which, every one set to the sidewalk's edge, stretched on for blocks. From the open windows of second and third stories the ladies of the neighborhood chatted or observed life in the East End streets. Here and there in the street a group of children played and shouted.

Then happened the accident to Nellie Campbell which turned Jack's mind from Africa and its missions and, it might be said, opened his eyes to a new world of which he had never dreamed before.

Nellie was the little daughter of Mr. Campbell—the man with the old derby and the hollow consumptive voice, who stammered a little, but who was, nevertheless, respected more or less by all the citizens of Sixth Street.

Nellie, falling upon a broken milk bottle, rescued by Jack in an unguarded impulse of pity, and fainting in the arms of her rescuer, was the reason why our hero found himself suddenly up the stairs which began where a screen door hung crazily over a pair of wooden steps

and ended in a confused little apartment where the Campbell family lived.

Nellie had finished her part in the little drama and was lying safely in one of the Campbell beds with a bruised little arm swathed in bandages and Jack was bowing himself out of the accompaniment of stammered thanks and farewells from Nellie's father and mother, when he suddenly remembered his library books, dropped on the sidewalk during the excitement of Nellie's mishap.

He could not repress an exclamation, knowing that once gone, gone forever, was the rule of everything lost, strayed or stolen on Sixth Street.

At this juncture, and just as Mr. Campbell was stammeringly realizing the situation, entered a little white-headed boy holding one of Jack's books under each arm, while behind him was a small thin-faced woman, explaining and scolding all at once.

"Yes, sir, this child ain't got no sign of manners, Mr. Campbell. Bill, you naughty boy, give the young man his books. Yes, sir, he wanted to walk off with them books, but I says to him, I says, where's your manners? When a young man, I says, goes to work and save a person's life, your own playmate's life, I says, you up and swipe his books. Now, Bill, you give them books back." Aided by a strong push from the maternal hand, Bill stumbled into the room, with a fearful glance at Jack. "Yes, Mr. Campbell," continued the lady, stepping into the room and adopting a sociable tone, "it does beat all. Yes, sir," addressing Jack, "I says to Bill, Bill I says, them is library books, and what on earth can you do with library books? You can't sell 'em, I says, them mean library people has got 'em all marked special, I says." By a circuitous route Bill had now reached Jack with the books.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack, unconsciously adopting the lady's affirmative way of beginning a sentence, "I'm sure Bill wasn't thinking of stealing those books anyhow. Were you, Bill?" Bill was so frightened as he handed the books back that he probably did not remember what he had been thinking of; so we can pardon him for vigorously shaking his head.

"Did you have any other books, sir?" asked Mr. Campbell, beating the lady to the opening in the conversation despite his stutter, with a skill which betrayed long practice.

"Why, yes," said Jack, "there were two more."

"Bill didn't take them ones," burst in the boy's mother. "Bill, who took them other two books?"

Bill pronounced a name which Jack did not catch, but which his mother and Mr. Campbell took up and pronounced together.

"Pete Eggert!" While the lady was still gathering up the thunderbolts of her oratory, Mr. Campbell said:

"M-Mr. Stearns, the Eggerts live downstairs. If you will pardon me a moment, I'll go down and try to recover y-your books." And balancing his derby over his eyes, he left the room. The lady was not long at a loss for conversation.

"Yes, sir, my name is White, and this here is my boy Bill." Jack bowed and told the lady his own name. "Yes," she went on, "I see by them books you are probably a Catlick. You see, I see the pitcher of the Pope on the front page." Jack acknowledged that he was a Catholic. "Yes, Mr. Stearns, I'm a Catlick, too, so you see it's like old times to see a fellow in religion." The thought flashed into Jack's mind that it was not a very promising sign of Mrs. White's present religious status if the sight of a Catholic reminded her of old times, but he said:

"Is that so? What parish do you belong to, Mrs. White?"

"What parish?" asked Mrs. White in a puzzled tone. "If you mean what church I go to, sir, it's like this—sometimes one, sometimes another. Of course, of course," with dignity, "I always go to a Catlick Church. Lemme see now, what's the name of that one I go to most—Bill, what's the name of that there church we was at last time we went?"

Bill kept his eyes fixed on Jack's books on the table, where they had been placed, and made divers jerky motions with his head, but no sound.

"Bill!"—said his mother, warningly.

"I forget," said Bill after another jerky pause.

"Well, for land's sakes, look at that child," cried his mother. "Ain't you got no memory at all? Why, that was only last Easter!" Then to Jack again, "Yes, sir, this child is the dumbest creature sometimes, I declare I"—Words failed Mrs. White, and she could only shake her head and sigh. It was only a passing cloud, however.

"Yes, sir," she said with renewed vigor, "they's a good many Catlicks here. Take now the folks upstairs from us. It's a deaf and dumb family, but the nicest people you ever come acrost. I picked up a little of them signs they talk with and me and Mrs. Mizzen—that's the name



of the family, M-i-z-z-e-n—can get along real well. We was talking about religion just the other day. I says to her—in the signs, you know—Mrs. Mizzen, I says, what religion are you? She says to me, she says, Mrs. White, I was a Catlick before I went deaf and dumb, she says, but she says, I'm sorry to say I ain't one any more. Well now ain't that too bad, I says. Yes, ma'am, she says, it's a shame, she says, but, she says, it ain't my fault. Us deaf and dumb people she says, ain't allowed in the Catlick Church. The Catlick Church, she says, ain't got nothin' to do with the deaf and dumb, she says."

Jack began to think that he wouldn't have to go as far as Africa to get material for his lecture after all. While he was clearing his throat and trying to think of the best way to assure Mrs. White that Mrs. Mizzen was mistaken about the Church and the deaf mutes, she was off on another tack.

"Then take the Eyetalion family upstairs right here," she said. "They're Catlicks—good Catlicks. Course they ain't much on goin' to church, but you just ought to see the holy pictures and statues in their flat. And the way they says prayers right in the middle of ordinary conversation—I just wish I was as holy as that Mrs. Cordone." At this juncture the door of the room was pushed open and Mr. Campbell reappeared in the doorway, his derby on the back of his head, his newspaper under one arm and Jack's two books under the other.

"P-Pardon me," he said, "Mr. Stearns, I recovered your books with little difficulty, and I am glad to be able to restore them to you."

"Well, now, ain't that lovely?" said Mrs. White. "That jist goes to show that us East-enders ain't so crookit as some folks crack us up to be. But then I must say the folks wouldn't do that much for every person they lift stuff offn'. But then, course, every boy that comes through here with books or things ain't so kind-hearted as to pay attention to the poor children."

Jack smiled, blushed, and bowed at the compliment. Mrs. White smiled archly in return and moved toward the bedroom door behind which little Nellie was regaining her normal composure while her mother stirred nervously about.

When Mrs. White was gone, Mr. Campbell said: "Were you talking religion with the ladies, and, i-i-if I may ask, are you a Catholic?"

Jack replied in the affirmative and, in turn, asked Mr. Campbell the same question.



"N-nominally, I am," answered Mr. Campbell, "but I fear that p-practically my standing is very low."

"I have been surprised this evening," said Jack, "to find how many of the people here are Catholic, and, if you will pardon me, how remiss they are in their actual duties."

"I g-guess it is a matter of surprise all right," agreed Mr. Campbell, removing his derby for a moment to scratch his head with the end of his newspaper. "I know now that i-in this very house there are at least t-ten people who c-call themselves Catholics, if they call themselves anything, yet not one of them—I g-guess I should say of us—goes to church oftener than once a m-month. In this s-square block," continued Mr. Campbell, replacing his derby and leaning forward to tap Jack's knee with his newspaper, "there are close to a hundred C-Catholics that the priests know absolutely n-nothing about."

"Why, how is that?" asked Jack in surprise.

"Very simple," said Mr. Campbell, leaning back in his chair and looking at Jack as if from a distance. "Their names have never come before the priest. If he takes a c-census, he does not know of their existence as C-Catholics."

Jack looked out of the window and watched a boy rolling a hoop up the street. He was thinking of his talk on the African missions. "Here," he thought, "right here on Sixth Street is a mission field just as rich as any African jungle. Work is being done for these people, but evidently not all are being reached. It is pre-eminently, too, a lay-missionary field. The priest can only with great difficulty get at them. The laymen and laywomen are the ones to bring them back to their duties. My talk . . ." Suddenly he brought his hand down on his knee. He had made up his mind.

At that moment the bedroom door opened and Mrs. Campbell, somewhat calmed, and bearing little Nellie in her arms, appeared. Nellie, though pale and wan, was quite alive, and looked at Jack with interest before she buried her face against her mother's shoulder.

"Thank the young man," said Mrs. Campbell to Nellie. "Shake hands with him."

"I'm sure it was nothing," said Jack, as he shook the tiny hand of the little girl. "And you don't know how much you've done for me."

A few minutes later, at Jack's home, his brother Ed hung up the telephone receiver with a bang.

"What's the matter with Jack?" he demanded as he stamped into the next room.

"Huh?" from Nick in the depths of an easy chair.

"Didn't he say he was going to the library?"

"Yeah, he wanted to get some books on Africa for some story or speech he's writing. What about it?"

"Well, he just phoned that he won't be home for awhile because he has to take those books back!"

---

### THE SCOTTISH RITE AND THE SUPREME COURT

---

At the Scottish Rite Masonic meeting in Washington, D. C., the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court declaring the Oregon School Law unconstitutional, was evidently considered unfortunate. At any rate, this Masonic meeting, representing the Southern Jurisdiction, resolutely resolved:

"We are therefore justified in continuing to assert and maintain our belief in the value of the compulsory requirement of attendance of all children upon the public schools."

This was their magnificent reasoning:

"The right of the child to avail himself of the educational opportunities of the public school is superior to the right of the parent . . . to shape in advance his intellectual allegiance."

The Supreme Court decided: "The fundamental theory of liberty, upon which all governments in this Union repose, excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to receive instruction from public teachers only."

And its reasoning is: "The child is not the mere creature of the State. Those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right coupled with the high duty to recognize and prepare him for additional duties."

But what is the Constitution or the Supreme Court to the Scottish Rite Masons!

---

A house is built of bricks and stones, of sills and posts and piers;  
But a home is built of loving deeds, that stand a thousand years;  
A house though but a humble cot, within its walls may hold  
A home of priceless beauty, rich in Love's eternal gold.

## The Maid of Orleans

### II. JEANNETTE

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

In her childhood and up to the time Joan of Arc started out on her mission, she was called Jeannette.

Jeannette was born on Jan. 6, 1412, in the home of a French peasant, in the little village of Domremy, near the borderline of Lorraine.

Her father was James d'Arc, her mother Isabelle Rommee. They were good Catholic folks, in fairly easy circumstances, though far from wealthy. They owned some flocks and herds and fields. Though James d'Arc was doyen of the village—an honor next to that of the mayor—there was nothing remarkable about these good people. Hard-working and respectable they were, with no other object in view except to spend the evening of their lives in comfort and leave something to start their children, of whom there were five in all, three boys and two girls, in life.

Jeannette, naturally, spent most of her childhood with her mother, a simple but splendid soul. A glimpse at Jeannette's childhood will show us the beginnings of that high virtue that carried her unspotted through her triumph, undaunted through her tragedy and finally gained for her the crowning glory of sainthood.

Jeannette's childhood was by no means easy or idle. From her mother she learnt early to work. She had to help in all the household duties and was soon instructed in sewing and spinning. Her mother was an expert needlewoman, and she and the two girls spent the evenings together, sewing and embroidering. Their delight was to embroider the vestments used at sacred services in the Church. Jeannette became very proficient.

During the day she often helped her father and brothers in the fields, doing whatever she was able, for she was always a healthy, sturdy girl. She would rake the soil, or watch the horses or lead the herds and flocks to pasture through the woods near her home and down into the valley. Now and then she even guided the plow.

In fact, she was known for her happy diligence. Witnesses at the trial of rehabilitation,—people who knew her well or were boys and girls with her, declared: "she was always working, never idle; she was diligent, adroit, never lazy."

And yet she seems to have been a real girl, joining gaily in all games and play with the rest. "Everybody loved her," was what witnesses declared at her trial, and those simple words speak volumes for her character.

In our modern sense, Jeannette was illiterate. She never learnt to read or write. But as far as being able to do things, she was far more accomplished than most modern girls. And under her mother's care and instruction her character unfolded beautifully.

Her mother taught her her prayers and her faith. So well did Jeannette learn that the pastor of the little village church declared: "Jeannette had no equal in the parish and he had never seen a better girl."

Her favorite devotions were to the Blessed Virgin, whose shrines she loved to decorate with flowers gathered in the woods and fields or bought with the money given her by her parents; to St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret,—who were to play such a part in her after life; but especially to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. To go to the village Church—to steal away from games even—in order to spend a few moments before the Blessed Sacrament, was her delight; and morning Mass, she never missed as long as she was able to attend. What was remarkable in those days of war and decadent piety, she went to confession and communion as often as she was able,—so often, in fact, that her pastor, sometimes said: "Jeannette goes to confession too often."

Her piety did not escape the notice of the other children of her age. Later, at her trial, they bore testimony to it adding that they often teased her about it. Mengette, Jeannette's favorite companion, added that they delighted in bringing blushes to her cheeks by their gibes about her piety. But Jeanette took it all good-naturedly and continued her devotions.

Every evening, too, she went to Church for "Compline," the evening service, and when she was prevented from going, she would kneel where she was and unite in spirit with the prayer of the Church.

But her mother evidently impressed upon her that the true love of God must be joined with love of the neighbor. How well the girl learnt may be judged from the declarations made at her trial. Witnesses told of the alms she gave from her little spending money—how she took care of the sick in the village, or minded babies for their mothers—and how,

when in these days of war, people driven from their homes or men returning from the scene of battle to their homes, asked for a bite, Jeannette would give up her own bed rather than see them sent out on the road for the night; she would sleep on the floor.

Such was the girl, Jeannette, bright and childlike, happy and gay, kind, devout and loveable. No one, not even her parents, could know anything of what was to come upon her; she herself in those early years seems to have had no intimations.

### III. RUMORS OF WAR.

Throughout these happy days, of course, Jeannette must have heard of the great wars going on all over France. Indeed, once it came painfully near her.

Their home was on the great highway that led from Longres to Verdun and served as communication between Burgundy and Flanders. More than once she must have seen the convoys of food and munitions that passed by with their military escorts and no doubt, they stopped at the inns, they told the news from Paris and from war-torn sections. Often, too, she must have heard the older folks discussing the news of war at home.

Besides, the little villages of the neighborhood were greatly excited and took sides either with the Burgundians and the English or with the French. In Domremy the sentiment was French, but in the neighboring village of Maxey it was strongly English. The boys often fought over it, and Jeannette's brothers came home more than once with bleeding noses. Jeannette's sympathies were strongly French.

Once a band of Burgundian partisans came down on the village. The people fled—as did Jeannette and her parents—and the marauders drove her father's flocks and herds away with them. But James d'Arc recovered them again and the family returned.

Jeannette prayed fervently for her poor afflicted country.

"In studying the lives of great men and women," says one of the biographers of Joan of Arc, "we often find that at some period in their careers, circumstances brought them into contact with some person, who perhaps perceived their particular talent or capacity, and encouraged them to use or develop it, or else, unconsciously influenced them to make a start on the path which actually brought them to prominence and distinction."

In the story of Joan of Arc we find nothing of this. No human influence seems to have guided or directed her; nothing pointed to her future career. Only she developed all the natural gifts that were hers and she grew in piety, devotedness, and in every virtue, so that she must have appeared as a fitting instrument in God's hands for an exceptional mission.

#### IV. A STRANGE HAPPENING.

Into the happy and quiet childhood days of Jeannette there came, like a bolt from the blue, a sudden strange and disturbing event.

It was the year 1425—Jeannette thirteen years old—when, of a summer's afternoon, she was watching her father's sheep as usual in the field some distance from home. Around her were gathered at play the neighbor's children. One of them had gathered some wild flowers and having bound them into a bouquet came running up, and holding it aloft, cried:

"Let's race; the one who gets to the fountain first, wins the bouquet."

The children were up in an instant,—Jeannette with them—and scurried off. Jeannette won so easily that one of the girls said:

"Oh Jeannette, you didn't seem even to touch the ground when you ran."

But Jeannette, out of breath from the effort, sat down on a stump to rest. Suddenly at the edge of the field, a lad appeared who called from a distance.

"Jeannette! go home; your mother needs you."

She could not distinguish who it was; but thinking it was one of her brothers or one of the neighbor's boys, she rose at once and hurried home.

"What's the matter?" asked her mother as she appeared unexpectedly, "why did you leave the crowd?"

"Didn't you call me?" asked Jeannette surprised in her turn.

"No," replied her mother.

Jeannette thought it was a joke and started back to rejoin the children in the field. As she passed through the garden the bell from the nearby Church sounded the noon hour and the Angelus. As was her wont, she knelt, with her face to the Church, to say her prayers of salutation to Our Lady.

As the last note of the bells died on the air, and Jeannette's prayers

were finished, she heard a voice calling her distinctly: "Jeannette! Jeannette!"

The voice was soft and sweet and somehow stirred the girl strangely. Rising from her knees she turned to see who it might be. As she did so, a bright dazzling light shone full upon her, blinding her for an instant. By degrees her eyes grew accustomed to the brilliance and could distinguish in the midst of the light the form of a personage of noble yet gentle mien and around him a host of shining beings. The vision repeated her name:

"Jeannette! Jeanette! be good and pious," it said impressively, "love God; go to Church often."

Frightened, as we may well imagine, the poor child fell upon her knees. A strange feeling came over her; she felt certain that God wanted something of her,—that He wished her to renounce all human affections and be ready at any moment to follow His call. Kneeling there in the garden she consecrated herself entirely to God and made a vow of virginity.

When she raised her eyes once more, the vision was gone. Jeannette rose, ignorant still of the mysterious designs God had upon her. This only she knew,—she felt better, more attached to Jesus, more resolute to do her duty whatever it might be. Still the mysteriousness of it all troubled her. Who was her glorious visitor? On her lips was ever the prayer:

"Lord, Lord, make known Your will to me!"

She went to confession and told her confessor all about it. All he could say was to repeat the counsel of the heavenly visitant:

"Be good and pious, Jeannette, then the evil spirit will have no power over you."

Gradually the girl became calmer. It was not long however till the vision repeated itself. This time her heavenly visitor revealed his identity.

"I am Michael, the Protector of France," said "the Voice." It is a somewhat strange fact that all through her life, Joan spoke of her visions as her "Voices," or her "Counsel," though she saw as well as heard them. It is also notable, as evidence of the objectivity of these Voices, that the perception of them by her hearing was so real that any noise made during these conversations, hindered her from catching the words of the Saints distinctly.



Jeannette recognized the apparition as the Archangel Michael and knelt.

"There is great misery in the kingdom of France," continued St. Michael.

There surely was. What with the wars and the consequent devastation of property, destruction of life, poverty and famine, and what with the moral laxity due to the effects of the disintegration of all authority, civil as well as religious, France indeed was in a poor way. Jeannette as she reflected upon it now could not restrain her tears. The Angel consoled her and told her God would send a deliverer.

"Who will it be?" asked Jeannette.

"It is you!" replied the Angel with impressive voice. "Go—go to France! You must!"

The girl trembled.

"I!" she exclaimed. "I am only a poor peasant girl; I don't know my A, B, C's; I don't even know how to mount a horse much less how to fight."

"Go!" repeated the Angel; "go to France! You must!" and disappeared.

For some time the thirteen-year-old girl to whom this strange message was given, remained on her knees dumbfounded. She did not wish to doubt the Angel's words, but she simply could not get herself to comprehend the choice of heaven.

The next visit came on St. Michael's Day, September 29th. Jeannette at once pleaded her incapacity for the great mission thus vaguely entrusted to her. The Archangel spoke consolingly:

"God has provided for your deficiencies. I will introduce to you two Saints: the virgin-martyrs Catherine and Margaret. Our Lord has charged them to guide you. You have only to follow their counsels."

This greatly comforted the girl and while she still thanked the Angel, she saw appearing beside him two ravishingly beautiful figures with golden crowns over their flowing hair. They looked upon Jeannette with unspeakable kindness, it seemed to her; then introduced themselves and embraced her. Filled with a strange sweetness she, with trembling lips, returned their kiss. It was St. Catherine and St. Margaret.

*(To be Continued.)*



## Meditations on the Litany of Loretto

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI

*Holy Mary, Pray for us.* Since, in the Litany of our Blessed Lady, the Church teaches us to ask this good Mother so often to "pray for us," it will be well before meditating upon the titles by which she is invoked, to consider the great power which her prayers have with God. Blessed is that person for whom Mary prays. Jesus rejoices when His Beloved Mother prays to Him, that He may have the pleasure of granting her all she asks. One day St. Bridget heard Jeseus speak to Mary and say: "My mother, thou well knowest that I cannot do otherwise than grant thy prayers; therefore ask of Me what thou wilt." And then the Saviour added: "Since thou, when on earth, didst deny Me nothing, it is fit, now that I am in heaven, that I should deny thee nothing that thou askest Me." Let us therefore pray without ceasing to this Blessed Mother if we wish to secure our eternal salvation; and let us address her in the words of St. Andrew of Crete:

"We beseech thee, therefore, O Holy Virgin, to grant us the help of thy prayers with God; prayers that are more precious than all the treasures of the world; prayers that obtain for us a very great abundance of graces; prayers that confound all our enemies and triumph over their strength.

*Holy Mary.* The name of Mary is a name of salvation. This name came not of earth, but from heaven. Hence St. Epiphanius says that it was not given to Mary by her parents, but was imposed on her by the express will of God. Therefore it is that, after the name of Jesus, the name of Mary is above every other name; for God has filled it with grace and sweetness so that every blessing may be obtained by him who names it. Blessed Henry Suso used to exclaim: "O Mary, what must thou thyself be, since thy very name is so amiable and gracious!" In truth, it is a name filled with blessings, and one that cannot be invoked without profit to him who does so. Above all, it is a name that has power to overcome the temptations of hell.

Ah, my Lady, had I always invoked thee in my temptations, I should not have fallen. For the future I will never cease to call on thee. Do thou obtain this grace for me.

---

If you have learned to "know thyself" then you are not apt to give thyself away.

## Sell What Thou Hast

### CHAP. XI. THE LAST STRUGGLE

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

Doctor White had not failed to notice that Miss Gerber's manner, when turning away from him on the night of her concert, was somewhat cold and studied, and that she was rather pleased to have her folks take her home. Nor did it escape his notice that she never once looked back at him, though he waited some time beside his car—waited, in fact, till the Gerbers drove off.

Sunday night, therefore, he waited for her as usual after the services. Miss Gerber had already made her peace with God and had decided that it was best for her not to see him again. Several times, when he had called during the week to ask for an evening drive, she excused herself on the plea that she was busy. He stormed about it as he usually did, wanting to know when she was going to give up that church work. And now as she came out of the church, Dr. White was the last person she wished to see. How could she ever tell him! She tried her best to avoid him. But he was quickly beside her, and grasping her hand in both of his, said tenderly:

"Mame, dear, good evening."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, feigning surprise, "how do you do, Jack!" There was no warmth in her greeting.

"It seems a year since I saw you, Mame. This night you belong to me. Come, let's go for a ride, then we can talk. Will you?"

"Really," began Mame stammeringly, "I should not; I ought to be going home at once."

"You haven't been with me for a whole week!" complained Jack.

"I must go home tonight; I promised the folks," replied the girl.

"How could you? You knew I wanted you tonight!" Then after a pause he went on: "Well, then, let me take you home, anyway. We can be together for a little while and we needn't take the shortest way. If that's all that you'll give me tonight, I guess I'll have to be satisfied. But it's a shame!"

Mame thought of refusing even that, but on further thought she decided she could accept and improve the occasion to tell him of the impossibility of her ever marrying and the uselessness of their keeping company any further.

"All right, then," she agreed; "but remember, I must be home early." If she wished for an occasion to speak, he soon gave her an opening. He, too, wished to hasten a decision.

"Mame," he began, "I cannot live without you; I told you so often and I tell you again. I've been trying to urge you to set the date. What's to prevent it from being right away? Don't worry about your trousseau; I can buy anything you like. If you are afraid of the folks, let's go away and get married and then I can take care of you. Perhaps they will see into it when it's done."

"No," said Mame, hard as it was to say it, "it is simply impossible. We cannot marry—never—as long as we are so different in our religious faiths."

"Mame!" fairly cried the Doctor, as his car swerved almost to the curb.

"Watch where you're driving!" exclaimed the girl excitedly.

"Mame!" repeated the man as if beside himself, "what do you mean? You are mine!"

"I mean what I said," she replied trying to be calm, though she was almost unnerved. "I met a person—a priest—who showed me clearly how wrong it would be, both for me and for you, to enter into marriage when we are so different in our religious beliefs. It would only spell unhappiness for me and misery for you. No, it cannot be."

"Mame," said the man miserably, "I have your rings with me; if you want a larger diamond, say so; you'll have it."

"Oh, diamonds!" exclaimed the girl bitterly. "It isn't that. I told you I don't care about such things, but I cannot take them. I do not wish them. This man showed me the right way, and I wish to walk in it."

"Is it that religion that steps in between me and my happiness? Mame! Mame!" he fairly sobbed. "Give it up! Be mine! You can have anything—everything! Will your religion give you anything? Can it give you what I would try to give you?"

She did not reply. She would have told him of the peace it had already given her, but he would not understand. It was becoming unbearably painful for her. Torn between varying emotions—between faith and a still living passion—she was on the point of giving in; but yet, the remembrance of the peace of heart her confession had brought made her crush back the feelings that surged within her.

"Mame," he repeated, his voice unsteady, "you must have a heart of stone!"

Still no answer. She was so unnerved that she was almost hysterical. Suddenly she noticed that the car was on the highway, headed for the open country instead of her home.

"Stop!" she cried. "Drive me home!" A great fear was coming over her.

"I will," replied he, cowed by something in the tone of her voice; "but first let us drive around a while."

"No! Drive me straight home! If you don't turn this moment, I'll jump!"

Reluctantly he turned his car down the next street. It was dark and he tried to put one arm around her to draw her to himself. She moved away. The car struck a rut and swerved, forcing him to put his hand back on the wheel.

"Mame, you love me; I know it; don't think I can't tell. Why did you let this man put that foolish idea into your head?"

"Don't talk like that. It almost drives me insane!" exclaimed the girl.

"Then why not marry? Darling, you can have anything you ask—money, pleasure, study, religion—whatever you want—only one thing, as you know. No clergyman shall bind us together; that's all nonsense, as I explained to you."

"Here!" cried Mame; "this is our house! Don't drive by!"

He drove slowly up to the curb. Mame was so disturbed, she trusted herself so little, that she was going to step out at once and with a hurried good night and expression of thanks for bringing her home, hasten into the house. Her hand was already on the door, but Jack realized it. Quickly slipping his arm round her, he drew her to himself forcibly.

"Mame!" he said fiercely. "Mame!" But she struggled. He tried to kiss her but she fought him off and tried to free herself.

"I'll scream," she cried finally, realizing his strength, and now thoroughly angry; "I'll scream if you don't let me go at once."

"Let you go," he said; "don't you know that I could bring you to court for breach of promise?"

"You can't. I've already seen a lawyer about it."

"Has that wonderful wise priest also told you to do that?"

"Let me go!" repeated the girl. "I hate you."

"Mame, I don't believe it; it can't be true; you love me; but you are not yourself tonight. But always remember there is one who cares for you as no one ever can or will. No matter what they say they are no true friends."

She wrenched herself free. She could not, however, open the door and the more frantically she jerked at it, the less she succeeded. The man crept close, his hand seeking hers, his arms enclosing her.

"Mame, just once more. \* \* \*"

"I won't have anything to do with you," she replied. "Let me out!"

"Then there is only one thing for me—morphine. But remember, if you ever are in need and I am still in existence, call on me and I will always be at your service."

The girl hardly heard the last words. The door finally yielded to her efforts and she darted out and up into the house.

#### CHAP. XII. A LETTER.

The girl had spoken truly: it was almost driving her insane. What worried her most was his threat of suicide. And yet she saw now, clearer than ever, that so strong and deep-seated was his hatred of religion that she could never have lived happily with him. She felt that she was at fault in encouraging him so long against her conscience, but at the same time it was clear to her that she could not better matters by a new and greater wrong. The consequences could not but be disastrous.

She tried to drive the turbulent thoughts from her mind by devoting herself more completely to her work. The morning Mass and her prayers now gave her real comfort and strength. When she sat at the organ playing the "Kyrie Eleison" (Lord have mercy on us), or the "Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi" (Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world), she felt at her best.

Only a few days had elapsed since her last painful scene with Jack, when she received a letter, apparently from the office of Dr. Harry Cunningham, the friend of Dr. White. In reality, it was from Jack. It read:

Toronto, Canada.

My Dearest Mame:

I am not sending this directly as I feared you would not open it; I am asking Dr. Cunningham to forward it to you.

In the moments of despair once again will I write, though I know

I promised not to bother you, but this will be the last forever, as within the next few days I shall be no more. I've arranged things so that, when I am no more, everything that is mine—money, property, bonds, etc.—will be yours, if you agree. If not, it will go to the folks. Think it over, and when my lawyer calls on you, tell him how you feel about it and he will arrange matters. Please accept.

Don't think me a brute for what I did Sunday night. I can't control the weaker character in me. It seems a demon has the upper hand.

You drove me mad. Everything I could offer, refused. Only that one—Religion! Too late! Mame, this life is impossible without you \* \* \*."

She read no further. Slowly she tore the letter to bits. The thought of his awful threat had something terrifying about it for her. She could hardly believe it.

#### CHAP. XIII. REFUSING TO SELL.

Two weeks elapsed after she received this letter—two weeks during which she suffered much from remorse and disappointment, and yet enjoyed moments of comfort because of her freedom. One morning a letter came asking her to appear at the office of a certain lawyer.

It frightened her. She asked an acquaintance of the family, a lawyer himself, to accompany her. When they reached the office and were admitted through the glass door, she was greeted formally by a very important looking man, with a decided English accent.

"You sent for me, I believe," said the girl. "I am Miss Mame Gerber."

"Yes," responded the man. "I am Mr. Farquarson, lawyer for Dr. Jack C. White, whom, I presume, you know."

Mame winced.

"Be seated, please," continued the lawyer. "I have here a witness to our proceedings who will be able to sign these papers in legal form—Mr. J. C. White, Sr., whom, I believe, you also know." So saying, he unfolded a very legal looking document, and handing the girl a duplicate copy, begged her to follow him as he read. "This," he began, "is the will of Dr. Jack White." Then he read from the document:

"On this day, May 17, in the year of the Lord, 1924, in the presence of my father, Jack C. White, Sr., and my lawyer, F. O. Farquarson, of Toronto, Canada, I wish to state that after my death all my personal

property, including Canadian mortgages, oil securities, and bonds, at the approximate value of one hundred thirty-nine thousand dollars, and the land property here in Toronto valued at fifty thousand dollars, go to Miss Mame Gerber, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who is my wife by common law marriage.

"I wish to state, further, that should Mrs. J. C. White, Jr., nee Miss Mame Gerber, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, ever remarry, the entire estate should at once be transferred and be divided equally among my nieces and nephews.

"I further wish to appoint my father, Mr. J. C. White, Sr., of Toronto, Canada, as administrator of this estate, but should Mrs. J. C. White, Jr., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, decline to accept this estate, at once should the entire estate be transferred to my parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. White, Sr., of Toronto, Canada, without any obligation of notoriety on my wife's part in the Wisconsin Courts, or publicity of any kind, taking effect by merely having her signature in the presence of my father, who is the administrator, and of my lawyer, Mr. F. O. Farquarson, of Toronto, Canada.

"Let her signature be merely Mame Gerber of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and be accepted in the presence of the two witnesses before mentioned.

"I, Jack C. White, Jr., turn over all my papers to the administrator of this estate.

"I place my hand in this Canadian Seal and wish to sign my will."

He stopped a moment. Then showing the document to the girl, he said:

"You see the signature—it is Dr. Jack White, Jr.'s—as you will be able to aver, is it not?"

For a moment Mame could not reply. She shuddered at the thought that he had actually carried out his threat; at the same time she burned with indignation at the effrontery of it and the attempt to buy her honor with gold.

"Will you sign, here?" asked the lawyer.

"It is a lie!" cried the girl, trembling with mingled humiliation and anger. "It's all a lie!"

"Think of the money," prodded the man.

"I don't care if it were a million," cried the girl; "I don't want any of it. It is a lie—an insult. How could he dare to do it!"



"You refuse the legacy?" he asked.

"I'll have nothing to do with it—I am not—never was—his—it's a lie." She rose from her seat and started for the door, her lawyer accompanying her.

"Sir," said her lawyer, "if you take any further action in this we shall bring suit for libel."

Scarcely had Mame closed the door behind her when she heard some one enter the office hurriedly from another door and a voice that was familiar to her, asked:

"Did she sign?"

Mame stood still.

"It's Dr. White!" she cried. "The wretch!"

"No," she heard his father reply. "She wouldn't sell for all the gold in the world."

"Thank God!" said Mame half-aloud, turning away in disgust. "Thank God! Saved, yet so as by fire."

(THE END)

---

### MAKING OTHERS COMFORTABLE

---

"You always understand about everything," said his little sister to John Henry Newman; "you always make me happy when I am uncomfortable."

It was a very great compliment that the little girl paid her big brother—who was afterwards to become world-famous. Strange, if you will, it is just such characteristics that we admire in him—he seemed to have such a clear understanding of other peoples' ways and worries and difficulties.

This is a rare quality. It is the fruit of patience and the source of gentleness and kindness. Only the patient can wait until the meaning of their neighbor's action becomes clear; only the patient can wait to hear them to the end; only the patient can look with eyes undimmed by fogs of passion, jealousy, envy, anger, selfishness or sadness.

But how much uncomfortableness it removes and how much happiness it brings!

The doctor who understands our physical troubles can often bring instant relief. So the one who understands those around him—in the circle of home or friends—can bring instant peace and smiles.



# Catholic Anecdotes

## FAITH THROUGH THE ROSARY

A wealthy landowner, little given to religious practices, had been invited to dinner at an ecclesiastical gathering. During the meal the conversation turned on religion, and the gentleman made the following frank but painful avowal:

"I would like to have faith, but I do not believe, and I cannot believe."

A priest overhearing him replied laconically:

"Well, say the Rosary."

Three years after the foregoing incident, the same priest received the following letter:

"Do you remember, Rev. Sir, that three years ago, at an ecclesiastical gathering at which you were present, I remarked I did not believe, at the same time expressing my regret at my want of faith? You replied to my remark in these few words: 'Say the Rosary.'"

"These words, 'Say the Rosary,' which at first appeared to me so strange, remained constantly in my mind. They haunted me everywhere. I was, as it were, obsessed by them. By degrees I became accustomed to hearing them in the depths of my soul. They appeared to me so sweet and good that at last I began to say the Rosary. Today I believe; I am happy in believing, and I gladly practise the duties of my religion. It is to this devotion to Mary that I owe my conversion."—*The Catholic News*.

## "LUCK"

A modern wise man was once asked if he believed in luck. Here is his answer, and it is worth cutting out and pasting in your hat:

"Do I believe in luck? I should say I do. It's a wonderful force! I have watched the successful careers of too many lucky men, to doubt its existence and efficacy. You see some fellow reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellows standing around had not realized

was there. Having grabbed it, he hangs on to it with a grip that makes the jaws of a bulldog seem like a fairy touch. He calls into play his breadth of vision. He sees the possibilities of the situation, and has the ambition to desire them, and the courage to tackle them.

"He intensifies his strong points, bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him and to co-operate with him. He sows the seeds of sunshine, of good cheer, of optimism, of unstinted kindness. He gives freely of what he has, both spiritual and physical things. He thinks a little straighter; works a little harder and little longer; travels on his nerve and his enthusiasm; he gives such service as his best efforts permit. Keeps his head cool—his feet warm—his mind busy. He doesn't worry over trifles. Plans his work ahead, then sticks to it—rain or shine. He talks and acts like a winner, for he knows in time he will be one. And then—luck does the rest."

---

### CHILDHOOD LESSONS

---

"A short time before the war," says Maurice de Wolf, in his "Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages," (p. 240), "I made a brief stay at Strassbourg. In visiting its magnificent Cathedral, I observed that a crack had appeared in one of the walls of the finished tower, and that it had been necessary to erect a support, in order to prevent the tower from collapsing. A friend explained to me that the architects of the thirteenth century had erected the Cathedral on a foundation of strong oak piles, which had lasted for centuries because they were driven into marshy ground, but that the recent drainage work in the city had brought about the unforeseen consequence of drying out these ancient water-soaked timbers, and so undermining the Cathedral.

"Invisible and under ground, up to that time they had sustained the facade of this marvelous Gothic gem without anyone realizing how fundamental was their presence and their function."

In a similar way, the lessons of Faith learned in childhood are the invisible and hidden props that support Faith in the midst of the withering experiences of life. It is only when some great attack is made on the Faith that their existence and influence is revealed.

The prayers and lessons at mother's knees are driving piles to hold the cathedral of Faith to be reared during life.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## THE DAYS OF PREPARATION

Advent is the Church's season of preparation for Christmas. Her call cannot escape us. We have a duty to prepare.

All great feasts of the Church's year are meant to be not simply historic reminders of events in the Life of Christ. They are also meant to be special occasions of grace.

As the first Pentecost brought an outpouring of the gifts of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles, so every feast is meant to bring a shower of graces to the faithful.

But above all the feast of Christmas. It is the Church's mind that this should be a source of special blessings. This can be seen from the fact that she sends ahead of it the days of Advent only a little less solemn in their purple penitential color than the days of Lent; that she combines with its celebration such unusual privileges as the permission to say three Masses and to celebrate Mass at the midnight hour.

If the significance of the feast itself should escape us, these arrangements should sufficiently convince us that Christmas is meant to be a source of great and inestimable blessings to us.

Now it is clear that the better prepared we are the more grace and spiritual profit we have a right to expect.

Use the season of Advent then in the spirit with which it is ordained by the Church. Look to the coming of Our Lord! Prepare.

## PREPAREDNESS

Prepare is the clarion call of the Church these days: "The kingdom of God is nigh!"

In a way it would seem wholly unnecessary to insist upon it. Preparation for Christmas is going on all around us—a noisy, bustling preparation.

We need but to walk down the next street to see it in the gaudy displays of a hundred show windows. Christmas trees, Christmas holly, Christmas gifts everywhere. Advertisements flourishing the

name of Christmas and promising Christmas reductions flood the newspapers and stream into our mails. Christmas is made the magic word to lure people into buying.

And the crowds that enter the shops and leave again laden with parcels and packages, prove beyond a doubt that people are preparing for Christmas.

We do not intend in the least to condemn this preparation for a joyful feast in the charmed circle of family and friends. If it would contribute ever so little toward bringing back the true spirit of home-life, it would deserve fullest encouragement.

But it can escape no one that this is not precisely the kind of preparation which the Church has in mind; it can escape no one that this is not the preparation spoken of in the Gospels of Advent.

Here there is question of a preparation of the soul.

---

### UNSEEN REALITIES

---

They tell us of a small boy in Washington that on his seventh birthday his grandfather gave him a million dollars. This was not the first million the little chap had received; on the contrary, it was his eighth million, for his grandfather had presented him with his fortune on the day of his birth, and with a similar check on each successive anniversary.

But the little boy was just old enough to be a little interested now, and he wanted to see his present. He wanted to hold it in his hand.

"My darling," said his mother, "you never can hold it in your hand. It is all invested in property and bonds; you will never see it. Money is nothing at all to see or to touch or to smell or to hear or to taste."

The little boy wept with disappointment. Later some one gave him a two-and-a-half dollar gold piece that somebody had given him merely as a curio, and he went about showing it to everybody.

"Look at my money," he shouted.

Everybody thought it was extremely funny and laughed at the little boy.

But are not many grown-ups really guilty of a similar folly? They know that they have certain things of immense, inestimable value, but because they cannot see, or touch, or smell them, they go about,

making much ado about the little tangible things, boasting:

"See my chair, my hat, my diamonds, my house, my money! These things I can hold in my hand, can see, can touch. But my soul, goodness, charity, self-control, courage—these you cannot count or lock in a box."

And they pride themselves on being wise old grown-ups!

---

### THE NEW AGE

---

Why this Masonic paper from Washington, D. C., the official organ of the Scottish Rite Masonry, should call itself "The New Age" is rather hard to see. Its bigotry is old and hoary.

Thus it attempts to account for its hostility to the Catholic Church by an explanation that is musty with age:

"The obvious fact is," it asserts with bravado, "that the Roman Catholic Church is the only powerful religious organization in the country that seeks to gain political control to advance its own church interests at the expense of the whole people.

"It is the only religious organization at the present time clamoring for a division of the public school funds to support its propaganda educational institutions.

"It is the only church in the United States that has not frankly, openly and in good faith accepted the doctrine of the separation of Church and State."

Is any evidence submitted for these accusations? None. It is mere mudslinging.

Surely if these things were "obvious facts" the evidence could easily have been brought. But bigotry does not stop for reason; its life is prejudice.

Our friends—the Masons!

---

### COLLEGE EDUCATION

---

Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, in an address before the Association of American Universities, made some observations about College Education of our day that might serve, at least, as a text for a meditation.

"Students of today," he declared, "and the graduates are far more proud of their achievements on the athletic field and campus than in

the class-room. Studies are regarded as a chore that must be done as quickly as possible.

"When I have one of Harvard's robust graduates come up to me and loudly say: "I am a red-blooded man; I want to know why the foot-ball team does not win," I cannot help recalling what the psychologist says, that the human blood is most red when it has not been through the brain.

"If we could make youth feel that scholarship was worth while, we would undoubtedly have more scholars.

"We should try to eliminate those courses which do not develop a desire for intellectual effort and substitute for them subjects that have a wider range of interest.

"What can we do to arouse this interest? I would say that this is the crux of all our educational problems. Certainly the answer does not lie in abolishing outside interest—such as athletics, public competition and other activities. Such a course would simply throw the men off into other forms of pleasure that would be harmful and destructive, and take them all the farther from intellectual and all around development."

One reflection we can easily make, for the sake of some who think little of their Catholic schools and colleges: even public universities are not perfect.

---

### ABUSE OF TALENTS

---

Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or have spent them on themselves; who have had abilities and have advocated what was sinful, or ridiculed what was true, or scattered doubts against what was sacred; who have had leisure and have wasted it on foolish amusements! Alas for those of whom the best that can be said is that they are naturally blameless, while they never have attempted to cleanse their hearts or to live for God. Newman.

---

### MONSTROSITIES

---

"I know of but one thing more monstrous than a man without religion," Carlyle once said to Joaquin Miller the "Poet of the Sierras."

"And what is that?" asked the American Poet.

"That, sir," exclaimed Carlyle, "Is a woman without religion."

### VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS

---

Some worth while suggestions are contained in the following rules:

The United Parents' Associations of New York schools have issued a list of thirteen suggestions to parents as a means of aiding children to start the new school year right.

"Many of the difficulties which beset children could be avoided if their parents understood the schools better and realized how much their cooperation helps," the association says. The suggestions follow:

Arrange the breakfast and lunch hours so that there is no rushing at home or at school.

Encourage punctuality and regular attendance, not permitting trifles to interfere.

See that the children are dressed simply, neatly, modestly and suitable in accordance with the weather.

Insist upon children under 14 having at least ten hours sleep.

Find out how much time should be devoted to home work and see that it is faithfully done.

Provide a quiet place for home study, with good light and ventilation. Prevent interruptions as far as possible.

Show an interest in the children's school work, athletics and other activities.

Visit the classroom for a better understanding.

Do not criticize the teachers or school at all within the children's hearing. Always hear both sides of every question and ask the teacher about it.

Instill in the children habits of obedience and respect for authority.

Picture the school as a happy, desirable place rather than as one children should dread.

Keep in mind that the school offers unlimited opportunities to those who take advantage of them, parents as well as pupils.

Plan to meet other parents in the school. It will help you understand your children better. Mothers should arouse the interest of fathers in the school activities and get their cooperation. If there is a parents' association in your children's school, join it. If there is none, why not form one? Intelligent cooperation brings splendid results to all.

---

You may not be able to learn something new, but there are people in the world who can teach you something old.



# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help

### ECHOES OF ANOTHER NOVENA

The Novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, conducted in the Church of San Alfonso, San Antonio, Texas, from October 10 to October 18, was richly blest.

True to their traditional devotion to Our Blessed Mother and their special veneration of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, the Redemptorist Fathers were loath to wait to give public expression to this their devotion to and veneration of their Blessed Mother in their newest foundation: San Alfonso Church, built for Mexicans exclusively. After the torrid San Antonio summer was past, the first act was a public novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

From the beginning to the end of the Novena the faithful Mexicans attended the exercises in goodly numbers. But for the fact that the children and those adults who could not come in the evening had a special service in the afternoon, the spacious church could not have held all the devout clients of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

Our blessed Mother was not slow to prove her title of Perpetual Help, for while there were many spiritual cures wrought, temporal favors and cures were not wanting. In fact, now that the novena is over, we are learning of help and cures obtained during its course.

One of the priests in charge relates the following: Maria C., a widow, was sick for over three years and in bed most of the time. She made great efforts to make the novena, and in fact, never missed an exercise. She suffered from acute pains near the heart and also had severe pains in the head continually. Her petition was, that Our Lady of Perpetual Help, if it be the Will of God, should restore her health. She was enrolled as a member of the Archconfraternity. When the novena had ended pain ceased entirely.

Margaret V. de C. was a woman about 50 years of age. She suffered from severe cough and spat blood freely. She made the novena, was enrolled in the Archconfraternity and completely cured.

For the above we have, so far, only the testimony of the persons concerned, but both are persons worthy of belief.

The Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus was established at the end of the novena.

It is only an humble work we have begun; but we thought that it might interest the readers of THE LIGURIAN who, no doubt, are for the greater part members of the Archconfraternity, to know that right here in their midst are poor foreign missions where a band of American Redemptorists, speaking Mexican, are vieing with their more favored brethren in spreading devotion to Our Mother of Perpetual Help and their holy founder, St. Alphonsus.

The mustard seed has been sown. We now have all confidence that Our Mother will by means of her fostering care grant growth to the little seed till the veneration at her shrine in the newest church of San Alfonso will rank equal in strength and fervor and numbers with the "miracle" veneration at the oldest shrine of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in the Western Province: that of St. Alphonsus Church, St. Louis, Mo.

---

#### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

---

Reverend Father: It is now some months since I received a very special favor from Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Now I want to make a public acknowledgment of the goodness and kindness of our Blessed Mother.

A little more than a year ago films began to form over my eyes. Immediate medical attention did nothing to relieve the malady; in fact, matters went from bad to worse; it was not long before I could not see with the right eye and there was every indication that soon I should be unable to see with the left also. I went from specialist to specialist, but none held out any hope. Then I went to general practitioners, thinking that some general condition might be responsible for the condition of the eyes. But all to no avail; I was going blind. In this my distress I turned to our Mother of Perpetual Help and began a private Novena in her honor. Every day I visited her shrine in this city and several times called at the Redemptorist Rectory to receive also the blessing of the sick. Before the Novena was over my condition began to improve, and now, thank God and His Blessed Mother, I am entirely cured.

## Catholic Events

On Nov. 9 of this year the Redemptorist Fathers of the St. Louis Province celebrated the Golden Jubilee of their Province. On this day fifty years ago in 1875, the Province was officially erected.

The Redemptorist Fathers came to this country in 1832. In that year three Fathers of the Austrian Province, Fathers Saenderl, Haetcher, and Tschenhens arrived and engaged in pioneer missionary work. The first house was established in Pittsburg in 1839.

In the course of time houses were established in New Orleans (1847), in Chicago (St. Michael's, 1861), St. Louis (1866), and at Chatawa, La. (1872). In 1875 these houses were formed into a separate province with Father Nicholas Jaeckel as first Provincial Superior.

Since that date houses were established in many cities of the middle West: Kansas City (1878), Detroit (1880), Chicago (St. Alphonsus, 1885), Grand Rapids (1888), Denver (1894), Davenport (1908), San Antonio (St. Gerard, 1911), Omaha (1918), San Antonio (Our Lady of Perpetual Help, 1921), Wichita (1921), San Antonio (St. Alphonsus, 1924). The Preparatory College is at Kirkwood, Mo. (founded in 1888); the Novitiate at De Soto, Mo. (1897); and the House of Higher Studies at Oconomowoc (1911).

Convents were also founded on the Western Coast: Seattle (1891), Portland (1906), Fresno (1908), Coeur D'Alene (1914), Whittier, Calif. (1922), and Oakland (1925). These houses were formed into a Vice-province in April of this year with Very Rev. Joseph Chapoton as first vice-provincial.

\* \* \*

On Dec. 15, the Holy Father will hold a public consistory at which he will create four Cardinals: Msgr. Bonaventure Cerretti, papal nuncio at Paris; Msgr. Patrick O'Donnell, Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland; Msgr. Enrico Gasparri, papal nuncio at Rio de Janeiro; and Msgr. Alessandro Verde, secretary of the S. Congregation of Rites, Rome.

\* \* \*

Hundreds of Americans were among the thousands who jammed St. Peter's on Nov. 15, when the Pope attended a solemn High Mass according to the Greek Rite, in celebration of the 16th centenary of the First Council of Nice. Three Bishops with ten co-celebrants sang the Mass, all attired in Greek vestments. Bishop Boyle of Pittsburg was one of the 100 prelates, including all the Cardinals now in Rome, who occupied seats of honor. When Pope Pius entered, \$60,000 vioces joined in deafening shouts of "Long live the pope."

\* \* \*

The Holy Father announces the appointment of Msgr. Thomas Welch, Vicar General of St. Paul, as bishop of Duluth, Minn., and

Msgr. M. F. McAuleffe, president of St. Thomas Preparatory Seminary of Hartford, Conn., as auxiliary Bishop to the Rt. Rev. J. J. Nilan, Bishop of Hartford.

\* \* \*

The Pope will bestow the Golden Rose,—the gift by which the Sovereign Pontiffs express appreciation of outstanding services by Catholic Sovereigns upon Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians.

\* \* \*

German Catholics are making active preparations for a representative attendance at the International Eucharistic Congress to be held in Chicago next year. Plans are being made for a special ship for the German delegation and it has been announced that the Blessed Sacrament will be exposed on the ship during the entire voyage and the return journey.

\* \* \*

The Archbishop of Mexico City, after a meeting of all the Bishops of Mexico, issued the following statement: "The laws which oppose the natural rights of Catholics; those which destroy marriage through the medium of divorce; those which deprive fathers of the right to give their children a Christian education; those which prevent freedom of worship, will be opposed by the national hierarchy. Methods similar to those adopted by the Cardinals and Archbishops of France will be followed for this campaign. Active propaganda will be carried on by means of Pastoral letters, tracts and lectures; petitions will be addressed to the Chamber of Deputies, popular demonstrations will be organized and all possible efforts will be made to convince the Executive, Federal and local authorities of the justice of a constitutional reform. Catholic groups are in process of organization and a national action against lay legislation will soon begin."

As a first step, he has called upon all groups and organizations to attend a National Catechistic Congress, to be held from Dec. 8 to 12 for the purpose of organizing the advance guard of the Mexican Catholic Youth.

\* \* \*

So acute has the situation become in the Province of Tabasco, Mexico, where the action of the Governor in closing the churches and banishing or imprisoning members of the clergy who refuse to marry, has aroused the population to the point of rebellion, that the Federal Government has been forced to consider intervention to protect the rights of the Catholic population. It has been announced that with the approval of the President of the Republic, the Ministry of the Interior has dictated order to the effect that freedom of worship in Tabasco is to be respected in conformity with the National Constitution.

\* \* \*

The 500th year of the existence of the Catholic University of Louvain (Belgium) was inaugurated in November, with the solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost and the other elaborate ceremonies which always mark the opening of the scholastic year. The opening of Louvain is always one of the great national events of Belgium.

When the Pennsylvania R. R. Express from St. Louis and the Washington and Baltimore Express crashed, two and a half miles west of Monmouth Junction, N. J., on Nov. 12, with the loss of a dozen lives, the first medical aid to reach the scene of disaster came from St. Francis Hospital, Trenton, conducted by the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis. Five of the Sisters and a group of nurses from that institution brought the first trained aid that the sufferers received. Rev. Richard Landers, C.M., of St. Joseph's College, Princeton, was also among the early arrivals at the scene of the wreck.

\* \* \*

Father Leonard Borgetti, pastor of the Church of the Madonna della Liberta, at West New York, N. J., will act as arbitrator between the striking employees of the Hillcraft Silk Mills and the officials of the company at a meeting to be held at the parish hall. Although J. J. Moffett, a special representative of the U. S. Department of Labor has been trying to effect a reconciliation without success, Father Borgetti is confident that the plan he will offer will be accepted by both employers and employees.

\* \* \*

The Rev. James T. O'Reilly, for 39 years pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church at Lawrence, Mass., died Nov. 12. He was credited with bringing about the settlement of the textile strike there in 1912 and 1919. During the 1912 strike, agitators paraded with "No God, No Master" signs; so Father O'Reilly organized a civic parade of 30,000 persons in which parade the American flag and signs reading "For God and Country," were carried.

\* \* \*

An earnest plea for international peace was made by Cardinal Hayes at the Armistice Day services held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

"America is not given to the shedding of blood except in very rare and extraordinary circumstances," said the Cardinal Archbishop. "Would to God today that America would get such a horror of blood that she would take no part in war in the future. Today is a memorial to peace as well as to war. We must try by our work and our labor in this generation to prevent war in the next generation. A great war does not come over night. Those responsible for war in the future may be living now."

\* \* \*

Twenty-four women, leaving their homes (in Washington, D. C.) for whole days at a time, riding by automobile each day over 100 miles of roadway, much of which was in miserable condition, have succeeded in preparing 25 children for their first confession and 50 for first Communion and Confirmation. They belonged to the Washington District Council of the National Council of Catholic Women. Archbishop Curley, after having conferred the Sacraments on the children; declared: "These children are some of the most thoroughly instructed I have ever encountered. If your council never had done a thing before, and if this were the last work it ever did, it would have justified its existence. I hope, however, that you have only begun your task."

# Some Good Books

We publish a list of books that appeared during the year; they will serve as good Christmas gifts.

## SERIOUS READING:

*The Epistles of Father Timothy.* By Right Rev. Francis C. Kelly. \$1.50  
*Christ or Chaos.* By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J. \$1.40 postpaid. *Father Price of Maryknoll.* \$1.00 postpaid. *Yearning for God.* Rev. Jos. J. Williams, S.J. \$1.50 net. *Little Cords.* By Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. \$1.25 net. *My Cousin Philip.* By Roger Pater. \$2.00. *The Wonderful Sacraments.* By Rev. Francis X. Doyle, S.J. \$1.25 net. *Be of Good Heart.* By Rev. Jos. McSorley, C.S.P. \$1.50 net. *Spiritism—Facts and Frauds.* Rev. S. A. Blackmore. \$2.90 net. *The End of the World and of Man.* Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. \$1.60 postpaid. *Catholic Customs and Symbols.* Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry. \$1.90 net. *The Three Divine Virtues.* By Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. \$1.50. *The Virgin Birth.* By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J. \$2.15 postpaid. *The Fundamentals of Catholic Belief.* By Rev. John F. Sullivan. \$2.00 net; \$2.15 postpaid.

## DEVOTIONAL:

*The New Missal for Every Day.* By Father Lasance. \$2.75 to \$9.50. *Student's Missal.* Small Missal. \$1.75 net. *Thy Kingdom Come.* Series I. Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. 30 cents net. Series II. Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. 30 cents net. *With the Church.* By Mother Mary Loyola. \$3.00 net. *Talks with Our Daughters.* Sister M. Eleanore, C.S.C. \$1.25 net. *Novena Manual of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.* By Rev. Joseph A. Chapoton, C.S.S.R. \$1.60. *A Rose Wreath for the Crowning of St. Therese of the Child Jesus.* By Rev. John B. Clarke. \$1.00 net. *Let Us Pray.* (Miniature Vest-pocket Prayer Book). Father Lasance. 25 cents. *Blessed Be God.* (A New Prayer Book). \$2.50 to \$10.00. *When the Soul is in Darkness.* By Henriette Brey. \$1.75. *The Catholic's Manual.* (A Prayer Book). \$1.20 to \$5.00.

## FICTION:

*Espiritu Santo.* By Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.25 net. *Kelly.* By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J. \$1.50 net. *Faith Desmond's Last Stand.* By Elizabeth Jordan. \$1.50. *Children of the Shadow.* By Isabel C. Clarke. \$2.00. *The Villa by the Sea.* By Isabel C. Clarke. \$2.00. *The Lefthander.* By Rev. C. F. Donovan. \$2.00.

## JUVENILES:

*Where Monkeys Swing.* Rev. Neil Boyton, S.J. \$1.25 net. *The Awakening of Edith.* By Inez Specking. \$1.50 net. *Mary Rose—Sophomore.* By Mary Mabel Wirries. \$1.00 net. *Boy.* By Inez Specking. \$1.25 net. *The Last Lap.* By Fergal McGrath, S.J. \$1.50 net. *On the Sands of Coney.* Rev. Neil Boyton, S.J. \$1.25 net. *Stranded on Long Bar.* Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J. \$1.00 net. *Parmela's Legacy.* Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50 net. *Sunshine and Freckles.* Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J. \$1.00 net. *Martha Jane.* By Inez Specking. \$1.50 net. *Mirage.* Inez Specking. \$1.50 net. *Tell us Another.* (A book of short stories). Rev. Winfrid Herbst. \$1.10 postpaid. *Catholic Nursery Rhymes.* By Sister Mary Gertrude. 25 cents.

## FOR PRIESTS AND SEMINARIANS:

*Three-Minute Homilies.* By Rev. Michael V. McDonough. \$2.00 net. *The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal.* By Rev. Matthew Britt, O.S.B. \$3.00 net. *In the Fullness of Time.* By Rev. Herman J. Cladder, S.J. \$2.25 net. *Sermons.* Rev. John A. Whelan, O.S.A. \$2.00 net. *Sodality Conferences.* Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. \$2.75 net. *Boy Guidance.* A Course in Catholic Boy Leadership. Edited by Father Kilian, O.M.Cap. \$2.00 net. *Autobiography of an Old Breviary.* By Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D.D. \$1.75 net. *Rebuilding a Lost Faith.* By John L. Stoddard. Paper, 60 cents. *Matters Liturgical.* Wuest-Mullaney, C.S.S.R. \$3.00. *The New Psychology.* By Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. \$2.90 postpaid.



# Lucid Intervals

She—Well—  
 He—Quite.  
 Silence.  
 She—You're rather shy.  
 He—I haven't a cent.  
 More silence.  
 She (desperately)—Oh, dear!  
 He (in ecstasy)—Helen!  
 And so they were married.

"Did you see that girl smile at me?"  
 asked the head salesman of the store  
 boy.

"Oh, that's nothing," the store boy  
 answered. "The first time I saw you  
 I laughed out loud myself."

Bobby—Mama, when can I shave like  
 papa does?

Mother—Not for a long, long time  
 yet, Bobby.

Bobby—Why not? I know a lot of  
 the words already.

Little Mary Catherine was paying a  
 social call at a near neighbor's house  
 when the lunch hour arrived. She was  
 invited to stay but replied that she  
 would have to ask her mother. Home  
 she went and in a short time was back,  
 face all smiles, her mother having  
 agreed that she could accept the invita-  
 tion.

"And now, Mary Catherine, as you  
 are going to stay for lunch, I guess we  
 will have to put on a little dog," said  
 her hostess. "Indeed, I don't believe I  
 will be able to eat any of the dog," said  
 the little guest, "but I will have some of  
 the gravy."

It was William's wedding morn, but,  
 alas! he overslept himself.

When at last he awoke he dressed  
 hurriedly, and hastened to the station  
 to find that his train had gone. There  
 was not another for an hour.

Frantically he hurried to the telegraph  
 office and wired to the bride: "Detained.  
 Don't marry till I come."

A few minutes after the alarm was  
 given in the fire at Hotel Del Monte,

one of the guests joined a group of  
 friends who were watching the spec-  
 tacle and chafed them on their apparent  
 excitement.

"There was nothing to be excited  
 about," he said. "When the alarm  
 sounded I jumped out of bed, lighted a  
 cigarette, brushed my hair, and took my  
 time about dressing. I didn't like the  
 knot in my necktie, so I tied it over  
 again—that's how cool I was."

"Fine," one of his friends remarked,  
 "but why didn't you put on your  
 trousers?"

Diner (indignantly)—Bring the pro-  
 prietor here at once, there's a wasp in  
 my soup!

Waiter—It's no use sending for the  
 boss, sir, 'e's deadlly scared of 'em  
 'imself.

"Hallo! Hallo!" shouted the fireman,  
 answering the frantic telephone sum-  
 mons.

"Who is this?" came the voice from  
 the other end of the wire.

"The fire station."

"I wish to say that my front gar-  
 den—"

"This is the fire station you've got!"

"Yes, I know. My front garden runs  
 along the side of Bigron's house. Only  
 today I sprinkled some new grass seed  
 on my lawn—"

"This ain't a gardner's!" roared the  
 fireman.

"I know—I know—I know! But I  
 want to say that, as my garden is my  
 particular pride—"

"What's that got to do with us?"

"O, well, the Bigrons asked me to tell  
 you that their house is on fire, so don't  
 let your firemen trample on my lawn  
 when—"

But the fireman was gone.

Hostess—"I hope you had a good  
 night, Mr. Jones?"

Jones—"Perfect, thanks—slept like a  
 log."

Hostess—"Ah! natural sleep is such  
 a blessing."



# Some Good Books

*Social Problems and Agencies.* Edited by H. S. Spaulding, S.J. \$2.50 net. *The Finger of God.* By Rev. Robert W. Brown. \$1.75 net. *The Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist.* By Cardinal Gaetano de Lai. \$1.60 postpaid. *Six One-Act Plays.* By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. \$1.75 net. *Jesus Our Friend.* Considerations for the Holy Hour. By Rev. Charles A. White. \$1.85, postpaid. *Spiritism—Facts and Frauds.* By Rev. Simon A. Blackmore, S.J. \$2.90 net. *My Cousin Philip.* By Roger Pater. \$2.00. *Catholic Customs and Symbols.* By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry. \$1.90 net. *Christ or Chaos.* By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J. \$1.40 postpaid. *The Virgin Birth.* By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J. \$2.15 postpaid.

## FOR NUNS:

*The Catholic Teacher's Companion.* By Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap. \$2.75 net. *Talks with Teachers.* By Sister Marie Paula. \$1.50 net. *Communion Devotions for Religious.* By the Sisters of Notre Dame. \$2.75 to \$3.75 net. *The Adorable Sister Alicia.* By Gilbert Guest. *The Finger of God.* By Rev. Robert W. Brown. \$1.75 net. *Jesus Our Friend—Considerations for the Holy Hour.* By Rev. Charles A. White. \$1.85 postpaid. *Catholic Customs and Symbols.* By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry. \$1.90 net. *Boy Guidance. A Course in Catholic Boy Leadership.* Edited by Father Kilian, O.M.Cap. \$2.00 net. *Little Cords.* By Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. \$1.25 net.

---

---

## **Books**

---

### **The Ideal Gift**

---

---

#### **STRANDED ON LONG BAR**

By H. S. Spalding, S. J.  
Price, \$1.00

#### **FATHER TIM'S TALKS**

By Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C.  
Ss. R.

Vol. I, postpaid, \$1.00  
Vol. II, postpaid, \$1.00  
Vol. III, postpaid, \$1.00  
Vol. IV, postpaid, \$1.00  
Vol. V, postpaid, \$1.00

#### **FUNDAMENTALS OF CATHOLIC BELIEF**

By Rev. Sullivan  
Price, \$2.15

#### **TELL US ANOTHER**

By Rev. W. Herbst  
Price, \$1.10

#### **SUNSHINE AND FRECKLES**

By F. J. Finn, S. J.  
Price, \$1.00

#### **PAMELA'S LEGACY**

By M. A. Taggart  
Price, \$1.50

#### **MIRAGE**

By Inez Specking  
Price, \$1.50

#### **MARTHA JANE**

By Inez Specking  
Price, \$1.50

#### **JESUS OUR FRIEND**

By Rev. C. J. White  
Price, \$1.75

#### **WHEN THE SOUL IS IN DARKNESS**

By H. Brey  
Price, \$1.75

#### **THE FINGER OF GOD**

By Rev. R. W. Brown  
Price, \$1.50

---

---

ORDER AT ONCE FROM

### **THE LIGUORIAN**

CONOMOWOC

Box A

WISCONSIN

